Daily & Eagle

A BRIGHT AMERICAN GIRL.

SHE REPRESENTS HER COUNTRY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

offiss Ottille Thomas, Stenographer and Typewriter, the Only Girl Representative of the United States, and What She

[Special Correspondence.] PARIS, Aug. —The only American girl officially representing the United States at the Paris exposition is Miss Ottille Thomas. She is a stemographer and typewriter. An American communy brought her

to Paris to exhibit a typewriter.

"Oh, you speak English. We are so glad!" was the exultant cry of a group of Americans who found themselves in the Liberal Arts buffling, where no exhibits attract more attention than the American typewriters. "You are the only American girl we have found in charge of an exhibit."



bright, intelligent face of the young operator dimpled in smiles. "I most them every day," she said, as the delt rated tourists moved on. "It's always the sac on cry; "We are so glad you speak English, and you are the only American girl we is eve met in charge of an thing," she answered, beginning to cry.

exhibit." A part; of Frenchmen now "Well, then, we'll wait till Tueslay. That exhibit." A party of Frenchmen now stopped to examine the machine. In melodious French she expl sixed the instrument to

"Oh! I studied it at school," was the reply. "When I found out that there was a possibility of being sent to & arts I brushed it up, and, to my surprise, 1 . make myself under-

the interested listener t

ner are most pleasing. Quiet, sharp, bright, with been sense of the hum crots, she is capable of doing anything she sets out to six.

hood and her country.
"How do you like Paris!" "Oh, I like it well enough. I don't see much of the city during the day. My ambition has been gratified, however. I have acquired sufficient skill on the nunchine to win my employer's confidence and to be put in charge of the exhibit, and that was about

Are you paid the same here as in Amer-"Yes. The firm paid my passage over, and

I receive the same salary as I did in New "Do women typewriters, stemographics, etc., receive the same salaries in Paris as in

mack paid the penalty of its mistress fervor.
"Franch girls work for Diffrance a week, They progind to get it. It is rurely they are paid "What is their salary in America?"

Some command as high as \$70 or \$85 a

Then you would say America is the coun-

smile. "America's the only sect on earth, Why, look at these Prench girls. They are employed everywhere, to be ours—checks, eashiers, waitreeses, etc.-bert they are miserably paid, from they never get any higher. Clerks, cushiers and waitreeses they remain until the end of the chapter. chance for promotion here, but in Americawell, there's no lim-

Is living cheaper in Paris than in Amer-

"Yes-if you leave your American stomach at heave," and the well fed damed what the appearance of one tall story, with laughed merrily. This talk about living high sloping roof, although in reality there cheeper in Paris than at home is all non-smar," she added, selecting. "If you want a good meal such as Americans are used to, you pay the same of not a higher price here than in America."
"Then you don't like Prench cooking,

French scenamy !"
"Oh, yes; Tilke French cooking in a way. Am very fond of their swell dinners—when I don't have to pay for them! But the concerny of the average Parisina—well, cap of coffee

for breaktnet, a little but of meat, size of for the rost of the day-well, it's not to my "How about clothes! You can't say they

"Oh, cloties are cheap enough, but look at the French girls—all flush and style on the entaids, but you cought to see their underclothing," and the next American lifted her pretty nose distainfully. 'Rags, positively

Surprising! How do you account for it?" "Economy." was the tragic response. "A pirl cannot marry in France unless she has a deway, you know. The whole family pinch use of Akron tile on the roof. The entrance and scrutch—why, they would skin a fix—to porch is formed of three grooned vaults, with and scrutch-why, they would skin a fiv- to hoard france for a prospertive husband," The disgust on him America's Incomes elequently distainful of the economy of the especially commendable for its beauty and dangehiers of France. Nothing is more abare they not all signers of the Diciaration of gree they not all signers of the Declaration of the univer story, lends beight and variety to Independences—than the thought of down as an essential to the marriage book. Her faces, the facade, The interior arrangements are excessent. her character is the American gurl's dowry;

her beart her fortune. You found the French language essential,

"My, you; I don't see how a person could move among them without some knowledge of the language. I don't know what I should The moons at the hotels and cales are in

Prench?

"Yes. I have a friend who has lived on meat and bread since be came to Paris," laughed Miss Thomas. "It's the only thing he can say in Prench. He is afraid to order from the carte, not knowing what they might

liring bim."
"After the exposition you will doubtless remain in Early?" remain in Fars!

"I will make for America as quickly as the ship will bear me, and thank tool when I reach its shores!" was the reply of the only officially representative gral at the Paris exposition

Laps Rose McCaps.

EDISON'S REAL COURTSHIP.

A Story of the Inventor's Alleged Forget- which I sent to you by mail with the marked

fulness Stoutly Benied. provoking of those is the oft repeated story about Thomas A. Edison's having married a lidid get a book, but as it came as third class telegraph operator, who worked for him, after matter i didn't think it could be much as reply, "and father, too ". Somewills Journ provoking of those is the oft repeated story tolegraph operator, who worked for him, after a two days' courteling and task forgot for count anyward-Time

forty-eight hours all about his wedding, his bride and the lapse of time at some work in

his laboratory.
I know the first Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, and have often heard her express her indignation about those silly stories, and because there never was a tenderer, sweeter story than just that courtship and marriage I will

Mary Stillwell was her malden name, and she lived with her parents and went to school, and was 15 years and 6 months old the day she met her husband. She and three other gride and her nose glistened with the delicate girls were going home from school, and a shade of cold pink usually worn there by terrible storm came up suddenly, and they all took refuge in the pertico of Edison's la-beratory, where he manufactured the gold stock tickers. A gentleman who was inside, nd who knew one of the girls, invited them all to come in out of the rain, and, to pass the time while the storm lasted, introduced them to Mr. Edison, who, she thought, was a sort of foreman, as he was pretty ofly and dirty gant home in one of the loveliest suburbs of as to clothes and hands.

Mr. Edison kept by her very closely, and when the storm did not stop took down his one his civic pride and his self respect as a going in almost uninvited and remaining quita late, talking to her mother. He asked permission to call again of the mother, who accorded it, not knowing who Mr. Edison was, supposing him a lovely young man who felt the influences of a home. He called there "court Mamie," who was still going to school, though unusually large of her age.

Mr. Stillwell was astonished, and Edison

"I love Mamie, and I believe she loves me, I will be good to her, and I am able to take care of her, and I mean to have her for my

The futher was surprised, but asked a few days to think about it. Come down to my factory and go through the hooks, if you think I can't provide for her, and then make any inquiries you like, mnywhere. I will come next Saturday for

This was the first knowledge the family had that this quiet young fellow was the owner of all that business. A week later Mr. Stillwell laid Mamie's band in that of

"Til be good to her till one of us dies," he said, and he kept his word as few men do.

His wife almost worshiped him. wife set "We will be married to-morrow," he said. Tribune. "Oh, I can't," said Mamie. "Why not?

"I haven't any clothes ready, nor any-

will be time enough, won't it, mother?" he said to Mrs. Stilliwell, and she consented, and the wedding was on Tuesday morning, Miss Locy Hamilton Warner being her bridesmaid. They left on the Albany bout, all three, for Nugara Falls that same evening, and re-manned away a week or so, and it is safe to say that Edison never forgot that good and housiful wife one minute of her existence Miss Thomas is a typ cal American girl, of medium beight, stead or build, with light to suffer brown hair and blue eyes. Her face and manfeet. It was his delight to see her decked in the jewels and fine rannent that became her

She hore him three levely children, Dottie, Like most of her country we com, she would a living image of herself, and two little boys, fit in any position with creds; to her woman-hood and her country.

and them after about fourteen years of hap-phoed and her country. rich fruition of her womanhood by an accidental overdose of morphine.

There are many little tender things that I could tell of their courtship and marriage, but I feel that they are too sucred or the public eye. But their courtship was not of a day's growth, nor did she work for him, nor day's growth, nor day says that, did be even for one moment forget her.

A HANDSOME BUILDING.

It is the Home of New London's Public Library.

NEW LOXDON, Conn., Aug. 19.—The trustees of the late Henry P. Haven, who in 1876 Miss Thomes smiled—a smile of patriotic left his property in trust until 1900, one-third gratitude. "Well, I should say not," and the of its income and principal to be expended under the direction and according to the direction of his trustees, are credited with the creation of the new free library building. The building is not to be directly associated

that much. In London seems carn £30 a with Mr Haven's name, but when completed will be presented to the Public Library association. All will thus feel free to help in en-"From \$12 a week upwards. Fifty dollars riching its contents. The architects, for their a month is the average scalary of an expert. part, have achieved a great success in designe worthy to be a storehouse of the best literature.

A pleasant slope, practically in the center of the city, has been chosen as the site. Two Well, I should smile!" And she did broad, oin howered streats, Huntington and State, meet here, the infter being the chief business thoroughfare, but hordered a point at its head, and near the quaint Eightemith century court house with handsome Miss Rutgers is graduate of the women's dwellings and gardens. The nature of the athletic class — Hold my closic, please, Mr. ground gives opportunity for a large and conveniont bessurent, dry and well lighted. Judge. Harper's Weekly devotes considerable space to the structure, and from that publication the following information regarding it is ex-

The front of the building presents somewhat the appearance of one tall story, with are two stories, as may be seen by the gable,



NEW LONDON PURILID LIBRARY.

Over the three arch windows which pierce the gable is a curved stons tympanium, bearing the arms of New London—a ship under full sail. New London is a city founded on granite, and it is fit that it should have a comes from Worcester and has more of a pink tinge than the local stone. The Kibbs sandstone frimmings, together with the rock face, random jointed ashiar of granite, will form an effective combination, while the color effect will be further beightened by t wide anches, opening on Huntington street, and another arch, on the State street side, is strength. A picturesque, pointed tower, to the right of the porch, inclosing a staircase to

A Denilly Parallel.



Washed Sentiment. Mr. Browningboans of Electon-Mr dear, id you not receive that copy of "Rossett

OBANCE, N. J., Aug 10.—A "not no" is Two separate silences.

Very tenserious of life, and one of the most. Which brought together would find loving voice.

UNEXAMPLED FORBEARANCE.

A Young Couple Quarrel Over a Matter of Vital Importance,

"Mabel," said the young husband, as a vague thrill of horror passed through his frame, "surely you are not in earnest! Tell me you are only jesting!" Only three months had passed since Rod-ney Algernon McPeit had led Mabel Washabaugh to the altar. Only three short months before had her heart swelled with joy and

young brides, as she took the solemn vows that bound her to the manly and devoted . And a cloud had already risen upon the

horizon of their married life.

Surrounded by all that wealth and art, guided by the tenderest affection, could do to make existence a perpetual joy, with an elethe western metropolis, Mabel Washabaugh McPelt had chosen to antagonizeher husband

"I am in earnest," she said, coldly, in answer to his excited query. "I am not jesting,

"Mabel," he exclaimed, as he sunk nerve lessly into a chair and drummed on the table every other evening for five months, and then went to Mr. Stillweil and asked permission to have you any Missouri blood in your veins? The young wife scorned to make reply.

"Think once again, Mabel!" he said, wildly. "Knowing, as you do, the utter inade-quacy, the secluded location, the miscrable nate and absolute dead less of that foriorn "It's useless, Rodney," replied she with a

careless yawn, "I don't care a flg for the World's fair. I repeat it, I would just as lief see it go to St. Louis as anywhere else in the With an ashen face Rodney Algernon Me-

Pelt left the presence of his wife. His jaw was firmly set, his eyes blazed with the fire of a determined purpose, and his features of a determined p-worked convulsively. Does the reader suppose that this young husband rushed off to a lawyer's office, and,

ceedings for divorce? He did not. He simply had his misguided wife sent to an insune asylum.-Chicago

burning with just indignation, instituted pro-

Willie's mother was busy sewing when he entered the room and hid himself without being noticed. His 4-year-old brother came softly into the room and said: "Mattuna, did

" 'Oo hear nobody go pit-a-pat, pit-pat?"

He toddled into the next room, when with a rush Master Will was gone, and then the searcher announced, with quivering lip, to his mother: "I dess 'co ears is sleepy."—New

At Two Ends of the Alley.

way down here, with that fairy a-rollin' it,





Miss Biffins (preparing for the surf)-W'at's da usa ob gein to da expense ob stockin's

Evils of Hot Weather.



You see the evening was very warm and they must have leaned their heads against the wall paper.-Life.

A Practical Test. "Mamma, dear, do you know you've got twenty-nine pins in the back of your dress?" "Good gracious, child, how do you know?" "Why, I've just pulled them out,"-Pick-

A Real Rouser. First Omahan—Do you have as many rous-ing times at your house as you used to? Second Omahan-Yes, indeed, lots more. We've got a beby now,-Omaha World-

A Possible Catastrophe, A tittle girl who had the scarlet fever was told that the disease would have to peel off.
"But if I peel off," she said, "what will bold me together !"-Little People.

"Do you always mind your mother, little boy?" asked the kind old lady in the street.

MR. AND MRS BOWSER.

Bowser Goes to the Park for a Quiet Out-

ing, but Gets Boughly Handled. "I think we'll go up to the park to-mor-row," said Mr. Bowser the other Saturday evening as he finished his cigar.
"But won't it be creadful crowded!" I

"There you go! You are always ready to

oppose anything I suggest."
"I am not opposing you, only you know that the boats are always crowded on Sunday, and that one is apt to meet with many lawless characters. I have heard you say that the place was in possession of a mob all day Sunday."

"Never! On the contrary I have always boasted how orderly it was. I guarantee that you can go up there alone and stay all day and you will be treated like a queen "Well, if you think we had best go,

"Of course I do. I think a little trip on the water will do us all good, and at the island we will seek some sylvan retreat and enjoy the beauties of the surge undings."
"And you—you won't get mad?"
"Mrs. Bowser, what do you mean?"

"If things do not go right you won't scold and blame everything to me? "Have you gone mad? When did I ever blame you? If you suspect that you are getting softening of the brain, let me know and

I'll have a medical examination." After dinner next day we made a start, 1 think Mr. Bowser started with the firm determination to keep his good nature at every hazard, but something occurred almost im-mediately to upset him. The street car was jamb full and running over, but it stopped and we wedged our way in.

In the squeeze some one stepped on Mr. Bowser's corn, some one else knocked his plug hat off, and a third person was heard to remark that if he weighed a ton he would char-ter a special car when he wanted to ride, This put Mr. Bowser in trim to say to the conductor: "Does the manager of this line think we

are a lot of hogs that we can be packed in an "Don't know, sir."
"Then you'd better find out. It's an insult

on decent people, and I for one don't propose to submit to it. "Thaz rize, ole fel'r," shouted a half drunken man from the front of the car. 'Go in, old bay window," added a second.

"Ten to one on old Bowser," yelled a man from the rear platform. We finally got down to the boat. It was black with humanity and I didn't want to go, but Mr. Bowser efflowed people right and left and I followed. After being crowded, oushed, jummed, squeezed and knocked about for ten minutes I got a chair which a drunken man had just fallen off, and Mr. Bowser found standing room beside me.

"I told you I thought the boats would be crowded," I remarked as soon as I could get my breath. Well, that shows all you know about it, There's no crowd on this boat. She could

carry as many again." "But what a rough set of people!" want to find fault and make me uncomfort-

In getting off the boat at the island some one stepped on my dress skirt and nearly tore it off, while Mr. Bowser's but was crushed down over his eyes and some one picked his cigar case out of his coat tail pocket. We finally got out of the crowd and wandered away until we reached a shady spot, and then it did seem as if we might take some comfort. I began to express my sympathy for Mr. Bowser, when he turned on me with: "When I want to be condoled with I'll let you know. Thus far we have had a real good time, and I don't want to hear any

nore kicking about it." "This is the sylvan retreat you spoke of, I apposef" I remarked as I looked around and saw cigar stubs, playing cards, pretzels, beer bottle corks and a rusty old cork screw lying on the grass.

He didn't say. He was going to, when a

couple of young men came that way and stopped and asked Mr. Bowser for a match to light their clay pipes. He didn't have any, "Well, yer needn't be so crusty about it. We are just as good as you are."

"And a blamed sight better, Jim," added Mr. Bowser jumped up, but both of them riled on to him and I seronmed and browent assistance. They split his cont up the back, tore his collar off and tore three buttons off his vest, and as they went away they threatened to come back and finish him off.

"Mr. Bowser," I said after the crowd had started "hedn't we better so home?" "No, ma'am, we hadn't! I came up here to enjoy myself and I'm bound to do so I conxed and argued, but he was obstinate,

and pretty soon something elso happened. A gang of five or six men came along, ripe for mischief, and one of them halted before Mr. Bowser and inquired: "Shay, ele fel, I lost a dollar here about an hour ago, and you picked it up."

"Course he did?" put in a second tough, "and he's got to give it up!" "I haven't seen anything of your dollar!"
boldily replied Mr. Bowser, and the gang was tory only by making threats when I ran for help.

Before I got back they had volled Mr. Bowser on the grass, taken all his change away, and cuffed him about until he presented a sad

You are mistaken, sir."

sight. Then the policeman who had come too late advised him: "Say, old man, you'd better go home. You've had five or six rows within an hour. and I shall have to run you in if you don't leave. You are evidently a desperate char-

Mr. Bowser beckened to me and lod the way to the boat. On the way down he was pointed out as Sullivan and Kilrain, and everybody had a gibe at him. At the wharf he hired a back to take us home, and not one word would be speak to me all the way up. When we finally got into the house he the door of the sitting room and sat down in front of me and said: "Mrs. Bowser, look at me!"

"Yes, it's awful! I was afraid it would "And yet nothing would do but you must

"Why, I didn't want to go one stop!" "Take care! You are to blame for this whole business! I have borne and borne, but the worm has finally turned at last. out a list of what furniture you want to keep and let us settle on the amount of alimony," We didn't settle, however. He felt better pext day, and I don't think he will refer to the matter again unless I bring it up.-De trait Free Press.

A Wonderful Medicine Doctor (to patient)-I have exhausted every other resource, my dear sir, and with your permission I will now give you a hypothermic injection of Dr. Brown-Sequard's slixer. Patient (Kansas City man)-Have you ever

tried it on anybody!

"Yes, I have used it with excellent results on several person. I remember one in par-ticular—a gentleman from St. Louis—upon whom I attended a few days ago, and --

Penelope Peacablew-How do you do, Mrs. Pantaganet! Mrs. Flankaganet-You must excuse me, but I do not think we have ever met. Penelope Peachblow—Yes; last week at its pouch.
Mrs. Westerley's "Opens

Mrs. Plantinganet with increasing coolness was a kangarooff "Why, Johnny?" You have the advantage of me. Penelope Penchilos - I think I have, Mrs. " Cause if you had a pocket like that, Plantaganet, in eyedight, memory and man-ners. Good afternoon.—Life piles of candy you could bring home!"-

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THE - EAGLE, R. P. MURDOCK, Bus Mgr. M. M. MURDOCK & BRO. WICHITA. -:- KANSAS



He-Riame if some one ham't stolen my She-Well, I always told you it would "go off" some time when you didn't know it.-

The Fountain Head.

Johnnie has lately taken root rapidly in the educational line and thinks there is nothing quite so grand as studying the big dic-tionary. But this doesn't offset his appetite for watermeion, and one day his sister became alarmed at the amount of this vegetable he was getting away with. "Made a new man of him, sir."

"Actually put life into a St. Louis man!
Go ahead, doctor, go ahead?—Chicago Tribnne.

> Little Johnny, who had been taken by his inch or two so's ser keep offen she sun. I'll be father to the scological garden, was greatly here with a load this arternoon.-Time. interested in some kangaroos, and especially in one which had a number of young ones in "O papa," exclaimed Johnny, "I wish you

How She Received His Proposal.

There is in Washington's young typewriter whose good looks and coarming manners jus-tify the sentiments which her employer feels toward her. He is in the habit of dictating his correspondence, while her expert fingers then pinning her hand on her curly hair she transfix the words as he utters them. other morning he concluded to end the uncertainty which had come into existence by asking her to marry him. The was engaged in some copying when he approached her and poured out his sentiments, and notwithstand-ing the warmth of his pleadings kept right ahoad with the dickety, click elick of the instrument. In fact, she paid so little attention to him that be became discouraged and left the room, intending to speak to her when her mind was free from her duties.

He went to his lunch, and on his return sat down to sign a lot of letters that lay on his desk. There was a large pile, and he went through it mechanically until he struck a sheet near the bettern. Jumping to his feet, he simply exclaimed: "Well, Pil be blowed." The cold giaring typewritten letter read:
"Mrss Strate-Maybe you'll think I'm an eld jackses, but I sin't. I mean business. I

know I don't happen to be very pretty, but I'd be good to a family. I was thinking that maybe you'd learn to like me if you'd go to church with me—and give the minister a few minutes' employment. And this ain't to save any subary either. It's because I reant you for your - Say, you aim't listening, are you! Wall, I'll come in later when you ain't so boay "- Washington Capital.

How They Grow. Merchent-Can you bring me a few bushels of greso peas this morning! Dakota Gardener—Not this mornio'. peas war' just blossomin' when I left home an hour ago. But of that ar' cloud drops an

Exchange of Greetings. They met upon the platform as they passed from our to car. Quoth the one with mask and platek "Come, siz.

Dot's Theory. It was fittle Dot's first visit to a farm, and she went with her aunt to see how the pigs were fed. The little one gused in astoutst ment of the young porkers for a moment, and The mid reflectively:

> Two door." curl papers?-New York World.



You look passettirely - but what is th' mattah with th'-th'-History-Trownshif I left them on me stretchain too long, and it's the only bearts

wairing pair Fre got with me.-Judge He Proved Bis Case. "Human nature is mighty queer, but lift be covered to the other man on the rear

platform of the street cur. Yes, I suppose so," replied the other

"I doe't know about that." "Well, I do. For instance, now, you have a red now. You are not to blazar for it, perhaps, but you are so excettive that if I should offer you a remaily for it you. "You old leader, I've a good mind to knock your head off," binned the red most man as

he squared off.
"Told you so?" replied the other as he dropped off. "Human nature is the quested durined thing on earth, and some falls are as The train tog, said the other. "Now, se, tell me, who are your."

And the first cos survived, myther "The a said."

And the first cos survived, myther "The a said."

**Emiliar the first cos survived myther "The a said."